

WANTED: A BOAT for ministry of Christ to people of Alaska. Must be under 60 feet, sea-worthy, with twin diesel engines, compass, binoculars, ship-to-shore radio, life preservers, complete PA system, Bibles, hymnals, dishes for 30 people. For all-year, all-weather heavy duty as taxi, school bus, ambulance, floating chapel, and other services along 400-mile scenic but rugged Alaska coast. Present Navy-battered, much repaired one-engine model inadequate to the need. New one imperative if service is to continue.

*Want to buy
a Boat?*
FOR THE LORD'S WORK?

Want to buy a Boat . . . not just an ordinary kind for fishing or pleasure-cruising, but a special boat dedicated to a specific purpose—to spread the story of Christ and to build His Kingdom?

The story of mission work among different peoples of the world is marked by as many different symbols. There is the covered wagon, the mule cart, Wayside Chapel and Mobile Messenger, the Bible-laden cow pony—each signifying mission work in a specific area. In Southeastern Alaska, the story of Christianity is "taught out of a boat."

In a four-hundred-mile stretch of islands and fjords, the only means of transportation is a plane or boat. From the standpoint of speed, a plane would be preferable, but the expenses are prohibitive. Also the boat is still part of the life and livelihood of the native people. Therefore it is essential to have at least one boat like the *Princeton-Hall* whose business is the business of the Church.

Its earliest ancestor was the red canoe of Dr. S. Hall Young, who organized the first Protestant church in Alaska in 1879. The present diesel-powered craft was built in 1941 and serves as car, train, taxi, school bus, and floating chapel for Presbyterian mission work in Southeastern Alaska. One month after her dedication, the *Princeton-Hall* joined the U.S. Navy as the flagship of the Alaska Coastal Patrol Fleet, returning to civilian life in 1944. But the two

and a half years in the Navy, with year-round patrol duty along icebound coasts, and forced speed beyond the designer's specification, took a heavy toll. Since her re-purchase by the Board she has been overhauled, repaired, refitted, and made seaworthy for the continuation of the program.

The *Princeton-Hall* carries a single engine, and a failure at sea leaves her without power. The present engine has been rebuilt but is subject to hard use in a year-round program. By loving and persevering care, her missionary crew has been able to keep her afloat. Under the Providence of God, she has escaped from serious disaster, performed an outstanding ministry, and made some thrilling rescues. The need for the safety of twin engines, which cannot be placed in the *Princeton-Hall* without weakening her hull, plus problems of constant repair and maintenance, call for her replacement as soon as possible.

Those nearest the field are convinced of the continuing need for a boat to carry the message of Christ, so the *Princeton-Hall* must be replaced, despite the fact that it will now cost \$50,000 as compared to the initial building cost of \$34,000 in 1941. The construction of the first of three new pulp mills in Southeastern Alaska means more camps and communities that will not be large enough to have churches, so a greater itinerant ministry will be needed and an even more extensive course must be charted for the *Princeton-Hall* than she now follows.

"... and He began again to teach by the sea . . . and He saw two boats . . . and entering into one of them, He . . . taught the people out of the boat."

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION
Office of Special Gifts

BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U.S.A.
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10M-53



▲ Children and young people are carried to and from Haines House and Sheldon Jackson Junior College.



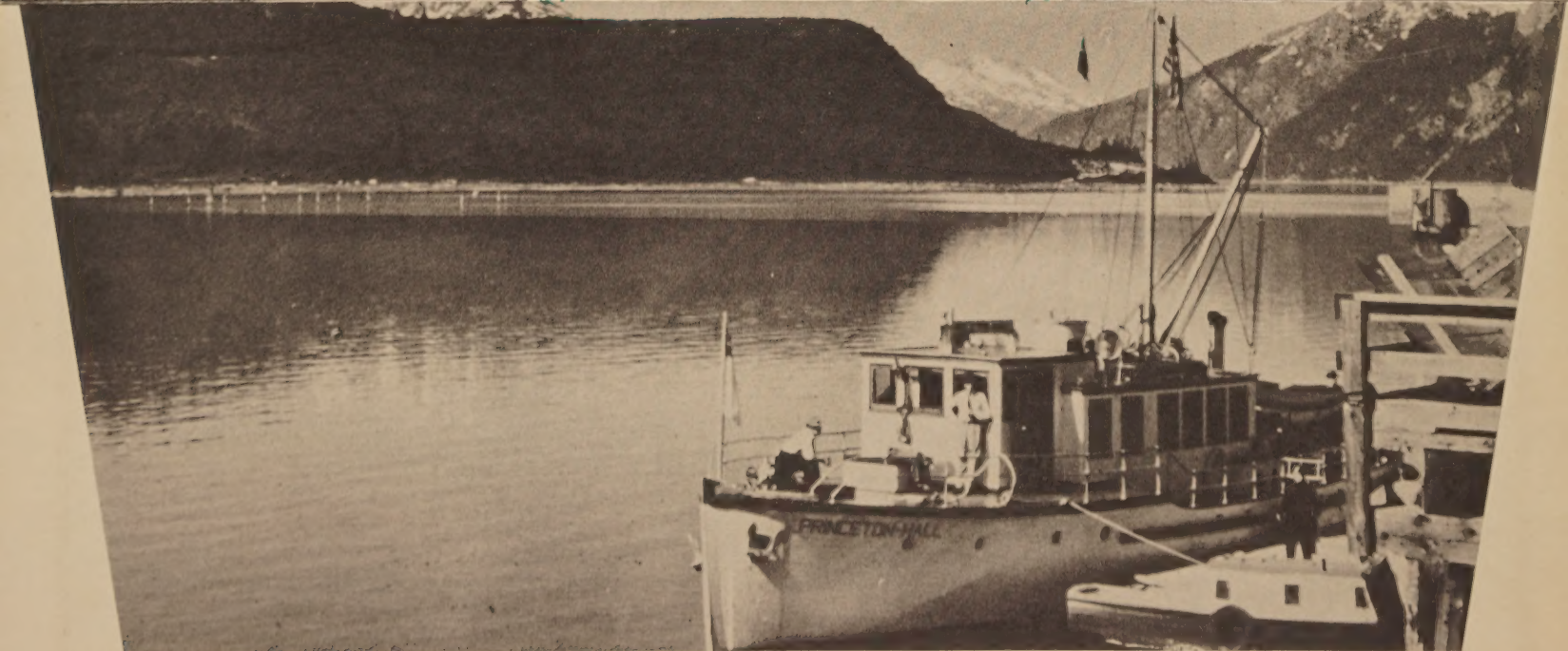
▲ Youngsters in remote villages look forward to the toots of the whistle that announce that "The Princeton-Hall is in!" The *Princeton-Hall* carries the sacraments to eighteen isolated communities. ▼



▲ Boats—boats—boats—virtually the language of the natives of Southeastern Alaska.



▲ Prayer services are held frequently aboard ship enroute to various meetings. The *Princeton-Hall* brings its message of hope and fellowship to canneries, fox farms, lighthouses, and lumber camps. ▼



THE PRINCETON-HALL MUST BE REPLACED

New Alaska Missionary Vessel Serves Navy

Like many another craft, the "Princeton-Hall" was snatched from her intended career to become a naval auxiliary vessel in Alaskan waters . . .



Still incomplete, the "Princeton-Hall" is shown in tow of the "SJS" shortly after her launching at Sitka.

THE humanitarian impulse of many hundreds of contributors from all over the nation supplied the dollars to meet her cost. . . . The craftsmanship of an Indian shipbuilder made her a thing of beauty. . . . The pride and hopes of every person connected with a remote mission school accompanied her as she slid gracefully into the water at her launching on December 3, 1941. . . .

Named the *Princeton-Hall*, she is a 65-foot missionary vessel built at Sitka, Alaska, under the supervision of the Sheldon Jackson School. Her predecessor was the motorship *Princeton*, dashed on the rocks and lost in October, 1939. With the approval of the Board of National Missions, financial assistance from Presbyterian churches and members all over the country, and untiring efforts on the part of W. Leslie Yaw, superintendent of the Sheldon Jackson School, the construction of the new ship began early in 1941. Harold Lee, Seattle naval architect, was commissioned to prepare plans and specifications; Andrew Hope, an Indian shipbuilder and active church member at Sitka, was commissioned to build the craft with the assistance of students of the school.

Plans called for a vessel 64 feet 11 inches in length, 15 feet 6 inches in breadth and with a depth amidships of 7 feet 7 inches. A raised deck forward with a spacious pilot-house, a house on the main deck providing space for a chapel, and an after trunk cabin housing galley, mess room and sleeping accommodations were specified. Selected to power the craft was a 6-cylinder, 165-hp Gray diesel with 3-to-1 reduction, shipped to Sitka after its purchase from the Evans Engine & Equipment Company at Seattle.

Skipper was to be the Rev. Paul Prouty, one-time Montana Sunday school missionary and veteran of Navy service as chief electrician of the battleship *Tennessee*. At the formal dedication of the *Princeton-Hall* in September, 1941, her future duties were stated by school officials as follows: "The ship will be kept busy visiting the fields served by our lay workers, assisting them in the ministrations of the sacraments, visiting such isolated points as the canneries, troller centers, fox ranches, mines, and lighthouse attendants. . . . Occasionally her mission will be of distinct mercy in trans-

porting patients to hospitals and medical centers. As a means of transportation, she will render service in the transfer of workers from field to field, in the conveying of delegates to and from meetings of presbytery, and in making possible an increasing attendance of young people at summer conferences."

War intervened. Just four days after her launching came the fateful day of December 7. Early in January, the Navy took over not only the *Princeton-Hall*, but the school's seiner-type work boat, the *SJS*. Both were assigned to new duties at the Naval Air Station at Sitka, the *Princeton-Hall* to become a service vessel carrying food and medical supplies, books and magazines to outlying posts.

"We worked like beavers to get our sturdy little ship," remarks Superintendent Yaw. "Now our pride and joy lies in the fact that the work was good enough to pass Navy inspection and to help in time of emergency."

How well the *Princeton-Hall* has served in the hectic months since her induction into naval service was evidenced in a letter, dated June 15, by Lieutenant Commander H. W. Hall, USN, Naval Air Station, Sitka, Alaska. "Already," wrote Commander Hall, "while patrolling in southeastern Alaska waters, she has given a good account of herself. Specifically, the *Princeton-Hall* successfully accomplished the rescue of an airplane. It is regretted that no further details may be given at this time. However, the wish to express the seaworthiness and staunch construction built into this boat is herein tendered. She will, undoubtedly, serve for many years. . . . It is hoped that the school will realize that its loss has already been more than compensated for by the service performed and her future service in the U. S. Navy."

Will the Sheldon Jackson School be able to replace the missing *SJS* and *Princeton-Hall*? "Plans are made," says Superintendent Yaw, "for Andrew Hope to build a new workboat for the school this fall. But these plans are conditioned first on receiving payment for the *SJS* and secondly on materials. However, our school boys have faith—they have already cut the planking and deck beams, also the 'skin.' So we hope to have a new boat in service next spring."

Gundersons Building Huge Small Boat Fleet

PORTLAND'S newest and largest small boat construction plant emerged during the summer from an organization that originally built motor trucks and trailers, and sold diesel engines for boats, trucks and industrial purposes. This is Gunderson Bros. Engineering Corporation, which moved into a brand new \$300,000 waterfront plant to build 1,050 small craft for the navy and maritime commission, the two contracts totaling \$2,500,000.

Construction of 50 steel tank lighters for the navy was started by mid-summer and progressed rapidly as the plant reached its stride. These 50-foot twin-motored craft were built from designs drawn originally by Higgins Industries, New Orleans, in cooperation with navy and army engineers. They were described as "sea-going trucks, equally at home on jungle stream or rocky coastline," and they were designed to land tanks, trucks and troops upon flat beaches where boats of orthodox design can not land.

The other order was for 1,000 plywood lifeboats, each 25 feet long, built from a design drawn by L. S. Baier, naval architect for the United States engineers in Portland until he recently took a leave of absence to give full time to Gunderson Brothers. The boats were given rigid tests last spring and passed with flying colors, resulting in the big order. They will be distributed to 250 Liberty ships and are scheduled to start coming off the production lines in October. When the plant reaches its capacity on these craft, it will turn out 12 boats a day.

Construction of these unique craft will be from six-ply fir plywood, cut and shaped in the plants of sub-contractors,



C. E. Gunderson, left, president of Gunderson Brothers Engineering Corp., Portland, and naval architect L. S. Baier inspect one of the 50-foot steel tank lighters.

There's nothing casual about the way this Portland firm has tackled orders for over 1,000 craft—as a \$300,000 plant and 500 employees testify . . .

mainly smaller wood-working plants and furniture factories, and brought together at the Gunderson plant for assembly. Only the turn of the bilge requires special treatment to give proper hull lines to the vessels. Steel fasteners and fittings used in the boats will be made up from scraps from the tank-lighter construction. Owing to the shortage of kapok, which original plans called for use as a non-sinkable feature, the boats will carry light metal air tanks. They will be virtually non-sinkable, and will carry 31 men each. One-fourth of them will be motor-powered. All will carry sails.

Gunderson Brothers Engineering Corporation has been manufacturing pilot houses, gun foundations, engine foundations, tanks and stacks for 20 of the 135-foot wooden mine-sweepers being built in the Pacific Northwest, as well as steel watertight doors for 30 British merchant ships, crows nests for 88 Liberty ships, steel hatch covers for C-3 type merchant ships, and other steel products for the Puget Sound Navy Yard.

Chester E. Gunderson, president of the corporation, came to Portland from Seattle in 1919 to organize a wire wheel and rim business. This grew eventually into a diesel motor and truck-and-trailer business. Boatbuilding was more or less happenstance, resulting from the sale of two diesel motors to the late Bill Switzler, operator of the Maryhill ferry, on the upper Columbia River. When Switzler had difficulty finding a firm to build a 45-foot towboat for the motors, Gunderson brothers accepted his challenge and turned out the *J. B. Switzler* (See *Pacific Motor Boat* for March, 1942), now doing yeomen service at Maryhill. From that beginning, the step into big-time boatbuilding on a production line basis came with the war.

From an employment payroll of 30 men a few months ago, the corporation leaped to 500 men by August 1, and expects to have 800 men on its rolls this autumn. Alvin Gunderson is vice president and secretary of the corporation, and Chet is treasurer.



Three Northwest Firms Win Maritime Awards

THREE Pacific Northwest firms are at work on a total of twenty-six 274-foot, ship-type wooden barges for the Maritime Commission, following the award of contracts in July.

A contract for twelve barges at a cost of \$6,450,000 went to the Edlund Shipbuilding Company at Anacortes, where Andrew Berg has been engaged as plant superintendent to direct construction work.

Eight more, totaling \$4,431,032 in cost, were awarded the Olympic Shipbuilders, Inc., of Port Angeles, where Carl S. Anderson is plant superintendent; his brother, Arthur N. Anderson, chief engineer, and M. J. Schmitt, personnel director.

The third award, for six barges, went to the Larson Yards, Inc., of Astoria. Further details as to that firm's site and personnel appear on page 51.

"Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

EVERETT B. KING

THE Motorship *Princeton-Hall* is no longer a dream — it is a sailing reality. With a Sunday school missionary, the Rev. Paul H. Prouty, and the Rev. Verne J. Swanson, former captain of the old *Princeton*, aboard, the boat is now "serving mankind in Alaska, through mercy, comfort, and love," the purpose for which she was dedicated in Sitka by the Rev. Herbert Booth Smith, the Moderator of the General Assembly, on Sunday, September 21, 1941.

Wednesday, December 3, 1941, the *Princeton-Hall* was launched, with the christening ceremony under the direction of Mr. Leslie Yaw, superintendent of Sheldon Jackson School, who has supervised all construction work. What a joyful occasion this was! The entire student body and faculty of Sheldon Jackson marched in procession from the school to Howard Brothers Boat Shop. It was a triumphant march! For weeks and months these boys and girls had been patiently watching the slow construction of the boat — slow because Government priorities often made it difficult to obtain needed materials. Many of the boys had spent their free hours working on it. All — students and faculty alike — had given generously from their limited means to the amount of \$234.81 — the largest gift from any source in Alaska. At last the day they had been waiting for had arrived. You can imagine how eagerly the crowd moved toward the boat shop. It was a time of great rejoicing.

Approaching the shop, they were met by Andrew Hope, the native Thlinget Indian builder. Andrew's face was almost covered with a broad smile — a smile of satisfaction such as comes only with the knowledge of a task well done. From the beginning Mr. Hope had been employed as foreman. His skill and experience as a boat builder, plus his intense interest in the missionary boat, qualified him for the important job.

The actual ceremony in the boat shop was brief but impressive. The climax came when a bottle of essence of

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EVEN AT TIMES OF GREATEST REJOICING,
LESLIE YAW REMEMBERS HIS DUTIES AS
SUPERVISOR OF CONSTRUCTION WORK

flowers from Puerto Rico mixed with Alaskan water was broken on the ship's prow, and then gracefully the *Princeton-Hall* glided down the runway into the blue waters of Sitka Bay.

After a few days given over to installation and to making minor adjustments, the good news was broadcast: "It is finished. The *Princeton-Hall* is ready for service."

The completed missionary motorship is a seaworthy vessel. When the hull was nearing completion, Mr. Lawrence Freeburn, inspector for the Underwriters Insurance Company, reported: "Mr. Hope is doing a very good job on the hull. Workmanship is very good. All joints, butts, and fastenings are excellent. The frames are well bent and all planks are well seated to the frames." Similar reports were made until the construction job was completed.

The *Princeton-Hall* boat is of the single-screw type, with a six-cylinder Gray Marine Diesel engine that has a cruising speed of nine knots per hour. The boat has a length of 64' 11", a beam of 15' 6", and a depth amidships of 7' 7". She has a raised forward deck with a large pilot house; a roomy chapel on the main deck amidships; a trunk cabin aft; raking stem; and rounded transom stern. Four watertight bulkheads give additional safety and divide the boat into five compartments: a forepeak for storeroom, baggage, etc.; a forward cabin with twelve bunks, showerbath, and lavatory; engine room with two more bunks; and the aft cabin, which is divided into two parts, housing the galley, dining room, berths, and a lazaretto (nautical for a small hospital).

In cash and pledges the boat is already paid for and represents a total investment of \$25,000. This amount (with the exception of \$16,000 collected in insurance after the wreck of the old *Princeton*, which occurred October 12, 1939, in the Lynn Canal) came from two hundred and fifty-eight

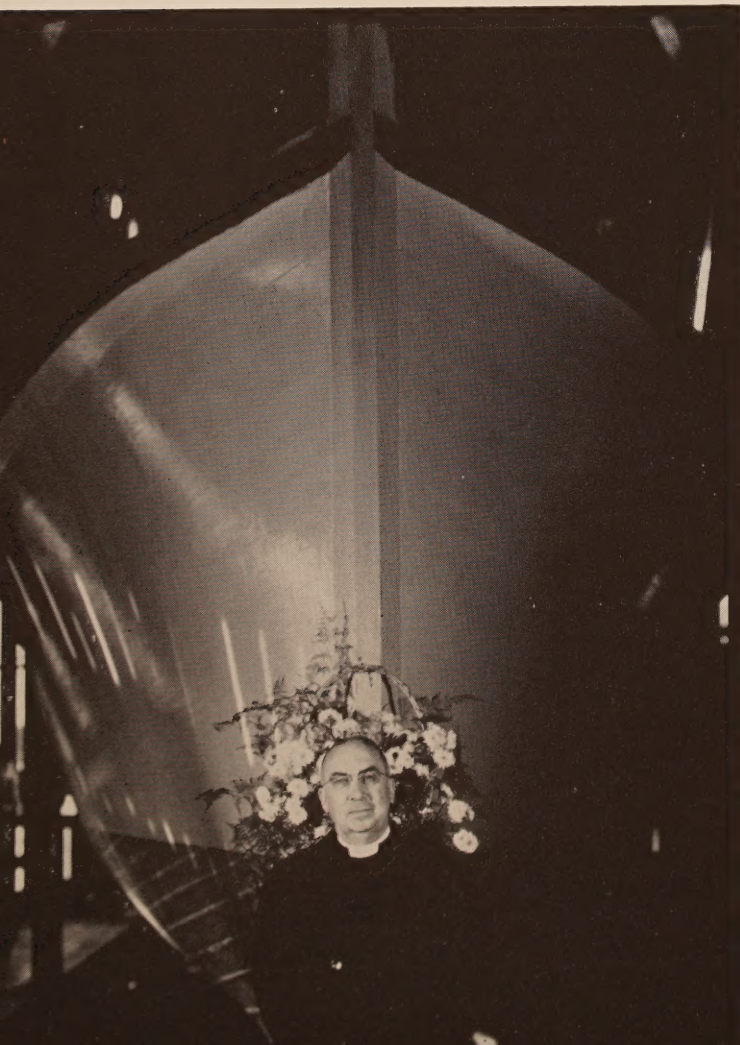


SUNDAY SCHOOL
MISSIONARY
PAUL PROUTY
IS NOW ABOARD
THE NEW BOAT,
HELPING TO
SERVE MANKIND
IN ALASKA'S
LONELY PLACES

different sources — churches, organizations, and individuals. Gifts ranging from a few cents to several hundred dollars have gone into the building and equipping of the missionary boat. Each gift has been gratefully received, but special recognition should be given to the contributions made by the native Indians in Alaska. Practically every church in Southeastern Alaska made a contribution of some size. Fifty of the two hundred and fifty-eight gifts came from Alaska, the total in actual cash from that source being \$1,887.31. The largest Alaskan gift, apart from that made by Sheldon Jackson School and by Alaska Presbytery, was made by the native Indian church in Angoon. Angoon is an Indian village with a population of only three hundred and seventy-five. The church has a membership of eighty-eight and is served by a lay worker (Indian). They gave \$188.16. Even the little children at Haines House gave their pennies and nickels to the sum of ten dollars. The widow with her mite did not give more than these Indians gave, in many cases, for their missionary boat.

So, the Motorship *Princeton-Hall* is now sailing Alaskan waters. Her first trip is to be a preaching mission, during which she will carry the gospel of good news to the people in lonely, isolated villages. The Rev. Walter Soboleff (the second native Indian to be ordained by our Church) is aboard to do the preaching. As the boat calls from port to port,

THE MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY,
THE REV. HERBERT BOOTH SMITH, HELPS
TO DEDICATE THE PRINCETON-HALL



ANDREW HOPE,
NATIVE THLINGET
INDIAN BUILDER,
WEARS A BROAD
SMILE THESE DAYS,
THE KIND THAT
COMES WITH
KNOWLEDGE OF A
TASK WELL DONE



services are being conducted, oftentimes in the *Princeton-Hall's* own chapel. She stops for two or three days in each village.

There are no idle days ahead for her. She will be kept busy — visiting the fields served by lay workers; calling at isolated points, such as canneries, fox ranches, mines, and lighthouses; going on occasional missions of mercy to transport the sick to hospitals and medical centers; and serving regularly as a school bus for the students at Sheldon Jackson School and the children at Haines House, as well as transporting delegates to and from meetings of presbytery and summer conferences.

For the many friends who have given so generously to make the *Princeton-Hall* possible, and to all the friends who will give to keep her in missionary service, the people of Alaska and the Board of National Missions are most grateful. Let us pray that the days of our good ship may be many and fruitful. Let the spirit of our prayer be that defined in Joaquin Miller's famous lines:

*Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!*

Toward Understanding

(Continued from page 3)

Another feature of this project is reading aloud to the former Negro teacher, Mrs. Coleman, now retired because of poor health and vision. Being almost blind, she welcomes anything we can give her — selections from books, newspaper and magazine articles, and other things of current interest. Always we finish with something from the Bible.

All in all, this Negro project is creating a deeper understanding, we feel, between the two races.



“Two Boats to Juneau”

It was December 17th, 1944, and the whole school was bristling with excitement. And why not—hadn't the choir just given a star performance? And hadn't the commander of the Naval Air Base at Sitka been there in person? And—(best of all)—hadn't he come out with a perfectly brilliant suggestion: to send the choir on a concert tour in the States! It was utterly impractical and impossible, of course—but just the very thought of it was so exciting!

Even though everyone realized the impossibility of such a tour, nevertheless the germ of an idea had been planted. And when a germ is planted in fertile lively minds, it isn't long before it starts growing. That's just what happened to this germ. In a few short weeks the possibility of giving concerts in the States was being discussed as an actual goal to work for—sometime in the future. Of course things being the way they were, it would be impossible to tell when it might be, but anyway it was fun to plan. Mr. Yaw, superintendent of the school, eager to channel the creative spirit of the students into action dropped another suggestion: Why wait? Why not plan another trip for this very spring? Not so far away as the States, but say to, er, Juneau, for instance, the capital of Alaska, and give a concert there?

The students pounced upon this suggestion, and from that moment the proposed choir trip became a definite project

toward which they worked hard and long. The choir immediately set to work planning their program. Of course it was important to have variety. Hmmm . . . how about some nice old 17th century chorales to start with, and a chorus or two from Handel's Messiah, then some Negro spirituals, and top off with a modern anthem. The choir dug in for a round of rehearsals to prepare themselves.

Meanwhile other plans were being made. Letters went back and forth between Sitka and Juneau, and finally the date was set. The choir would start on April 18th and make a weekend of it. The two boats would take them to Juneau. The Rev. Paul Prouty, missionary in charge of the *Princeton-Hall*, was delighted to give her over for the purpose; and the *SJS II*, of course, would be on hand.

As April 18th arrived, the campus fairly buzzed with excitement and everyone had a hand in the preparations. It was an overnight trip and there was plenty to do. The kitchen was a tizzy of lively freshman girls who baked countless pies and cookies in addition to the regular supplies, while both boats, which had been at a presbytery meeting at Hydaburg and had just returned to Sitka that morning, were swarming with eager beavers putting everything in shape for the long-awaited trip.

At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, April 18th, the *SJS II* sailed out of Sitka harbor with sixteen basses and tenors, and Miss Witmore, the principal, to assist with the intricacies of the galley! Three hours later, the *Princeton-Hall* followed with twenty-four sopranos and altos and Mrs. Stuart, the accompanist. The two boats entered the small boat harbor of Juneau about noon the next day, and the students were escorted to the respective homes where they were to be entertained. A bath and rest, then a rehearsal in the high school auditorium, and the weekend had begun.

Broadcasting was not a new experience. Here is the choir as they left the school one day to broadcast in Sitka.



Here is the Princeton-Hall all bright and shining in its new coat of paint. Part of S.J.S. campus in background.



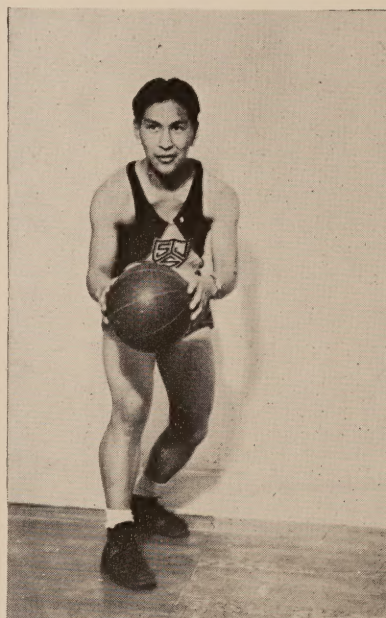
The "tour" was just about as successful as it was exciting. The outstanding performance of all was the concert given on Friday evening in the high school auditorium. It was sponsored by the Northern Light and Memorial Presbyterian churches. A capacity audience of about four hundred people attended. The proceeds of this evening alone amounted to over \$150 (which was turned over in full to the fund for the badly needed school and administration building that is going to be built as soon as conditions permit). The First Lady of Alaska, Mrs. Ernest Gruening, was in the audience and as a result, the entire company was entertained at the governor's mansion for tea on Saturday afternoon. What fun it was exploring it, and what a wealth of interesting things to see there.

Then on Saturday evening came the broadcast over Station KINY and Sunday morning special music for the Northern Light Presbyterian Church. That afternoon they took time off for a thrilling trip to the Mendenhall Glacier, and Sunday evening, gave the closing program at the Memorial Church.

Late Sunday night the two boats pulled out from the harbor with a tired but happy group of youngsters—glad to be going back, yes; but so glad too for the joy and inspiration of the trip to Juneau.

And that night, while the two boats slipped through the dark Alaskan waters toward Sitka, who knows how many dreams there were of that trip that may sometime be taken—a concert tour in the States!

The boys excel in basketball. Small in stature, they run circles around most of their opponents. The mission boat frequently takes the team up and down the coast of Alaska for games and evangelistic meetings.



This article is based on information supplied by Miss Laverne Seagren, choir director.



Of course everybody couldn't go — but they were happy just the same.

WHEN young people and seniors stake claims in the motorship, Princeton-Hall, they are having a part in sending it around on trips. Southeastern Alaska, you know, is made up of thousands of little islands, and there just isn't any way to get from place to place except by boat. A boat is as important to the people there as a car or bus is to us. Many students depend on the boat to get back and forth to school at the beginning and end of school.

ON APRIL 17th, Sheldon Jackson School became sixty-seven years old! Opened in 1878, the first classes were confined to elementary grades. Gradually grammar grades were added, and then a four-year accredited school. Now it has become a junior college. It's pretty fine, isn't it, to watch it keeping step with the needs of the young people of Alaska. Junior highs have had a real hand in it through the claims they have staked there!

This is my story

By **DANIEL KHAZAN SINGH**

Member of the Christian Fellowship Mission



WHEN the Lord called his disciples, he promised them that he would make them fishers of men. Before his ascension he commanded them to go into all the world and teach all nations. Since that day disciples of Christ have been "catching" men and women in his name. Now catching men for Christ is like catching horses—some are drawn and some are driven. A man goes into a field and he carries with him a handful of corn; the horse may be drawn to him and easily caught. But if the horse shies away and runs from him, then round and round the field they go, until at last the horse is driven into a corner and the rope is passed around his neck. Thus it is with human beings. Some are won by the love of God, others are driven by adverse circumstances—some are caught with corn, others are cornered.

Men and women are being "caught" for Christ in India in the same two ways. My father was drawn but my grandfather and grandmother were driven. I want to tell you that story.

MANY YEARS AGO

About the end of the last century the Rev. Edward P. Newton, a Presbyterian missionary and his assistant, the Rev. Puran Chand Uppal, and other Indian helpers, were holding meetings around Rupar, in the Punjab. One day a young man about twenty-five, Kala Singh by name, son of a poor village carpenter and an apprentice to that carpenter's workshop, was in their audience. They spoke of Jesus the son of the carpenter of Nazareth and said he was still busy as a carpenter of lives. Kala Singh listened with deep interest and at the close of the service he approached the preachers and asked when they planned to come back to the village. He wanted to be sure to attend the meeting. They told him. And so it came about that he attended several such meetings. One day he went home to declare, "Yesu Masih mukti dátá hai" (Jesus is the Saviour), and added that he had decided to follow Him. His parents were shocked. "If you do that," his father, Khazan Singh, said, "you can no longer remain in this house." "That does not matter," Kala Singh said firmly and out he went. He went first to the Rev. Puran Chand Uppal at Rupar, but found he was away preaching. Then he went to Khanna and took shelter at the mission compound. There he was given a Gospel portion in Punjabi, for that was the language he could read.

All this time the family wept and wailed. His wife and

mother missed him sadly. They did not know where he had gone. Worry made the mother ill. She stopped eating and drinking and finally compelled her husband to go after the boy and bring him home. After a long search, the father found his son on the veranda of the missionary bungalow at Khanna, reading the little book that had been given him. The father told about the state of things at home and asked Kala Singh to return to his people. But Kala Singh said, "Bápúji (father) I love my home and my mother and I want to go home. But I cannot leave my Saviour now. I will go home on condition that you all accept Him too." The father replied noncommittally and finally succeeding in persuading his son to return with him. Once there, Kala Singh insisted that the Gospel be read and that prayer be offered every day in the name of Jesus. He invited the Christian preachers to visit their home, and the way being open, those preachers made frequent visits to pray with and to teach the family. Before long the entire family was baptized—Khazan Singh and his wife, the parents, Kala Singh and his young wife, and two other sons, Dalip and Shamsheer. The three sons were given Christian names, Istifán (Stephen), Andrias (Andrew) and Shamaun (Simon). Istifán and Andrias were sent to the mission school at Khanna and from there to the Theological Seminary at Saharanpur. Their wives accompanied them and studied too. When Istifán was a senior at Seminary his second son was born, and they named him Daniel. I am he.

—AND TODAY

My father, Istifán Khazan Singh, and my mother, my Uncle Andrias and his wife, have been preaching the Gospel for over thirty years now, in the villages of the Punjab. My Uncle Shamaun, too, went to Seminary and is minister in the church at Khanna.

(Continued on page 16)

Outlook
Oct. 1900

Summer on the Princeton-Hall

C. E. PECK

"THE PRESBYTERIAN NAVY in Alaska" is comprised of three boats: the *Vermay*, owned and operated by the Rev. Verne J. Swanson of the Craig Presbyterian Church; the *S.J.S. II*, owned and built by the Sheldon Jackson Junior College; and the "flagship" of the fleet, the *Princeton-Hall*. The *Princeton-Hall* is a veteran of World War II, having served in the U. S. Navy as the flagship of the fleet in the coastal patrol.

It was when the Rev. Paul Prouty took his long overdue vacation in 1949 that I had the opportunity to witness the excellent work the boat and its crew are doing in the ports of Southeastern Alaska. After necessary changes in the papers of the *Princeton-Hall*, making me master to carry out the ship's summer program, we left Juneau for Sitka, the home of Sheldon Jackson Junior College. With the help of students of the college, the ship was given a much-needed painting before we set out to return these students to their home ports and pick up delegates to the young people's conference held on the college campus in June. When all delegates were returned, we sailed with the tide from Sitka with a cargo of well-trained daily vacation Bible school teachers.

The first port on the ship's itinerary was Hoonah, a modern community rebuilt after fire had destroyed much of the town. Two teachers were left there to carry on the Bible school in the new church while we continued on the ship's schedule of transporting the others to Juneau, where they were to open Bible school with the assistance of the Rev. Walter Soboleff, pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian Church.

At Kasaan later that summer a group of boys attending the first day of class work refused to march into the room to the music of "Onward Christian Soldiers," carrying crosses on their shoulders instead of guns. They could not understand why they had to carry crosses, saying guns were better. But at the close they presented an inspired program. At Saxman a class rehearsed for the first time the parable of the Good Samaritan, Billy, age six, acting the part of a

robber, and Albert, the same age, the man who fell among robbers. Billy had been told to pretend to beat Albert with his fist. Billy went out on the platform and began in earnest to beat the screaming Albert. All hands were needed to stop the fight. A prominent family who never had attended church services in the past came to see their boy of twelve appear in the Bible school's closing program. Touched by their boy's sincerity in the part he took, they began to serve their church.

From Juneau we continued on to Haines, the home of Haines House, where we assisted the ministers of the Haines and Skagway churches with construction work on the junior high conference ground, eight miles out of Haines, in the midst of beautiful mountain scenery and in sight of two glaciers. This camp came alive with activity, with over forty delegates from all parts of Alaska attending the conference. Many dedicated their lives to the Saviour.

Returning to Hoonah for the teachers we had left there, and finding we had a few days' wait before transporting them to Metlakatla and Kasaan and the west coast, we made a two-day trip to Elfin Cove, a small fishing community on Chichagoff Island. It was a clear day when the *Princeton-Hall* left Hoonah harbor. As we approached Point Adolphis the weather took a turn from smooth sailing to gentle ripples; then

Students go home on the Princeton-Hall



the sky clouded over and the ripples became breakers. Even in June the waters around this part can be very rough. I turned on the ship's radio and heard: "Eldred Rock, southeasterly wind twenty miles an hour with a three-foot sea. Cape Spencer, cloudy, southeasterly wind thirty miles an hour with a four-foot sea. Storm warnings out along the Inside Passage. Wind will increase by nightfall." We were due to enter the Elfin Cove harbor a few hours before night crept over Icy Straits. The closer to our destination we came, the more hostile became the weather. Rain came down in torrents, adding to poor visibility. But the *Princeton-Hall* proved its seaworthiness.

At the float we found all space taken by the fishing fleet. Some of the boats had been tied up for over a week, waiting for suitable weather. There were some "Cheechacos" who attempted to reach the fishing grounds, but were driven back. But the old-timers just looked at the rolling clouds and returned to their cabins. As we approached, fishermen who knew our boat cleared a place for us. Old and new acquaintances, after assisting us in, came aboard, welcoming us with a hearty handshake. One man said just the presence of the *Princeton-Hall* was uplifting. Fishing, weather, tides, and the amount of run were discussed. But the main reason for our being in the harbor was not overlooked. The biggest problem in the lives of fishermen is their spiritual life. It is the work of the *Princeton-Hall* to bring to the fishermen, as well as to the merchants of Alaska, the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. While we talked the harbor was flooded with rich mellow band music, followed by sacred choral selections and favorite hymns, recordings played over our loudspeaker system.

I was on the float the next morning when a man whom I had never seen before joined our group, listened to our conversation, and asked some questions about missionary friends in Alaska. Finally, pointing to the *Princeton-Hall*, he related the following:

"I never forget the service that boat rendered me in my darkest hour. In 1926 I had a fox farm near Pybus Bay in the Fredrick Sound area. An old retired friend came from Juneau to spend his vacation with me. We took advantage of good weather by going game hunting. Before we

realized it the fall season was upon us. The equinoctial storms set in, and we had to stay close to the cabin. One day my friend had a very bad heart attack. With the nearest hospital hundreds of miles away all I could do was to make him as comfortable as possible. He died in a few hours.

"I was in despair. From experience I knew that no average boat would be out in such weather. God must have seen how desperate I was. About two o'clock the following day I heard the purring of a motor boat out in the fog. For what seemed hours I watched hopefully. The sight that met my eyes was heart-lifting. Out of the storm and fog came the predecessor of this boat, the old *Princeton*. It was as though the captain knew I was in trouble. He came ashore and asked how things were. I told him about my friend's death, and that the remains were still in my cabin. He took me and the body of my friend to Juneau."

Then, leaving some literature with the trolling fleet, we cast off the tie-up lines, and were soon well on our way to Metlakatla, Saxman, and Kasaan, and on to the west coast of Prince of Wales Island, to continue with the vacation Bible schools. The sea sparkled like a huge mirror in the morning sun. Fleecy clouds floated here and there in the sky. On the horizon one could see the Five Finger Island light and the mountain ranges behind the little town of Kake. All these things enhanced the beauty of the Inside Passage, and there wasn't a thing to deny or dispute the fact that God was over it all. As I stood in the pilot house, lost in the wonders of the incomparable beauty about us, my mind could not help returning to the nature of our mission, the purpose of the trip, our service, and the service of the teachers. And why the heart-lifting assistance to the man on Fox Island in the darkest hour of his life? That is an age-old question of the pagan world. The answer only the Christian knows. It is the simple word "sharing," sharing the Gospel of Jesus Christ. That is the mission of the *Princeton-Hall*, bringing and sharing with those who are isolated in places where there are no churches the Good Tidings, the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

(Mr. Cyrus E. Peck, a native lay-worker from Klukwan, has during the past year been on leave of absence for study.)



The *Princeton-Hall* carries ministers, church groups, and emergency aid from village to village along the Alaskan coast. Doubling as Sunday school missionaries, the crew here comes ashore in an outboard skiff carried on the deck of the ship.

ALASKA'S "PRESBYTERIAN NAVY"

*In a land where the main thoroughfare is a waterway,
the 64-foot Princeton-Hall takes Presbyterians about the Church's business*

by JANETTE T. HARRINGTON, WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH ELKINS

THE "Presbyterian Navy" belongs uniquely to Alaska—our churches in other places seem to get along satisfactorily without need of a boat. But the low-beamed, 64-foot, 165-horsepower motorship *Princeton-Hall* is essential in an area where there's almost more water than land, and where, to get from one steep-sloped, fog-topped, pine-crested island to another, a boat to thread its intricate way around is essential. Board and presbytery (there are two presbyteries in Alaska: Yukon and Alaska) estimate that *Princeton-Hall* has saved them thousands of dollars in transportation charges.

Skipper Dick Nelson and the motorship carry young people to youth conferences, church officers to presbytery meetings, and presbytery and other officials on go-and-see visits to local churches. They carry workers



Southeastern Alaska is a mingling of several cultures. Near Presbyterian church are Thlingit Indian totem poles reminiscent of a primitive religion.

home, and youngsters who have no particular home to Haines House, Presbyterian haven north of Juneau. This summer, the boat was crowded with a group of work campers from the States, come to Alaska for a summer of work as vacation school teachers.

From May to late fall, the *Princeton-Hall* is gone almost continuously. Summerlong, Nelson and his Thlingit Indian helper, Dan Kahklen, scarcely see their wives and families of three and nine children, respectively. (This summer Dick took his son, Chipper, along to shorten the separation.) Wintertimes, when leisure for dry-dock repairs and general housecleaning is axiomatic, the *Princeton-Hall* still has work to do. In many ways, it fills the same role as the road-worn car of the Sunday school missionary in inaccessible spots



**Skipper Nelson
of the
*Princeton-Hall***

not reached by the ordinary church.

The broken coast of Southeastern Alaska is dotted with little villages with queer-sounding names: Klawock, Hyda-burg, Wrangell, Kluckwan. Inactive many months of the year, they come to life with the salmon catch. Fishing boats moor at their docks between runs out to sea; women and families come along to live for the season in quarters provided by the canneries. Many of these villages have their own churches. For the others, Nelson says, "Our job is to get a preacher to the people."

A July night at Waterfall, where a big cannery is located, is typical. As the *Princeton-Hall* draws up to the dock, a big loud-speaker blazes out the announcement, "Church services tonight in Cabin 8." Cabin 8 is not a compartment of the ship, but a boxlike structure on land looking about adequate to hold a small family in cramped discomfort. Nevertheless, at

eight o'clock, ten, thirty, then forty roughly-dressed men and women and wriggling children — Haida, Thlingit, Norwegian — crowd into the two rooms. Elmer Parker, Presbyterian minister from Hyda-burg, leads the service. Without Mr. Parker, Dick Stussi would have preached. He is a student from San Francisco Theological Seminary pinch-hitting for the summer as extra crewman, occasional preacher, and helper in the network of daily vacation Bible schools.

With fall, the *Princeton-Hall* acquires a full-time preacher—the Reverend Donald Schwab, former executive at Haines House. As a matter of fact, in a pinch, Dick Nelson could preach himself.

A Presbyterian elder, he spent a period as lay worker aboard the *MS Willis Shank*, independent marine medical mission which used to cover similar territory for a short time.

Nelson is a fisherman from way back,

having been brought up from Seattle by his father as a high-school boy to fish Alaskan waters. After he finished school and one year of college, and between jobs around Seattle, he took another whack at Alaska, including a term of service at Sheldon Jackson Junior College in Sitka, where he operated the school boat, the *SJS*.

Just about the time the war started, Nelson was snatched up by the Coast Guard. Coincidentally, he and the *Princeton-Hall* saw war service at the same time. Shortly after the motorship was built, it was commandeered by the Navy for use as a patrol boat in Alaskan waters; the marks of the mountings of ack-ack guns and depth charges are still to be seen on her decks.

A few years after the war, Dick went to work as a cannery watchman at Klawock. One night, two men stood talking far into the night on the dock. One was Dick; the

other one, the Reverend R. Rolland Armstrong, Presbyterian field representative in Alaska. The question under discussion: What was the best possible use of Nelson's talents? Shortly after that, he was appointed missionary-in-charge of the *Princeton-Hall*.

Dick's familiarity with Alaskan waters comes in handy in an area where landmarks are tricky and where the climate is given to fog, rain, and low-hanging clouds. One night — this was several years ago when he was out on the *SJS* — Nelson had given the tiller to his helper and gone down for a rest. Suddenly the other man shook his shoulder and cried, "Which way do we go past that red light to starboard?" Dick rubbed the sleep out of his eyes and did a double take. "Light?" he exclaimed. "There's no light around here. That must be a ship, and we must be about to run into it." He averted the crash.

Like other helmsmen, Dick likes to ride with his radio-telephone tuned in, ready to pick up weather reports and news of the catch. True to the tradition of the sea, he shifts course at once if he hears of a ship in trouble. When word came recently that a ship's motor had broken down out to sea, the *Princeton-Hall* was the first craft to come to the aid of the distressed vessel.

Long experience has made Skipper Nelson wary on the water, and he puts a foot down flat on taking unnecessary risks. Alaska still remembers that a Presbyterian missionary-pastor, the Reverend Verne Swanson, was drowned a few years ago when overtaken by a storm in open water.

"When the Lord says go, we go," Dick says. But with "maturity" (he was thirty-nine his last birthday), he has grown cautious. "I wouldn't leave the dock any more if I didn't feel the Lord was with me," he declares.

"Most of the jackpots we get into around here give advance notice anyway," he went on. "When the storm warnings go out, I head for shore. You never know when water is going to get in the fuel oil or the motor conk out. When that happens, it's better to be near land."

Dick wasn't along the night a boatful of men going to a presbytery meeting headed into a storm and wallowed through the waves for over twelve hours. Just as well that he wasn't, perhaps; he'd rather have let the men be late. His attitude represents not timidity but stewardship. He looks on the *Princeton-Hall* as the Lord's property and feels quite sure he wants her kept in good shape.

General running costs of the ship are covered by the Board of National Missions. They include maintenance, fuel, and food. For trips lasting several days, Mrs. Nelson generally makes out menus ahead and



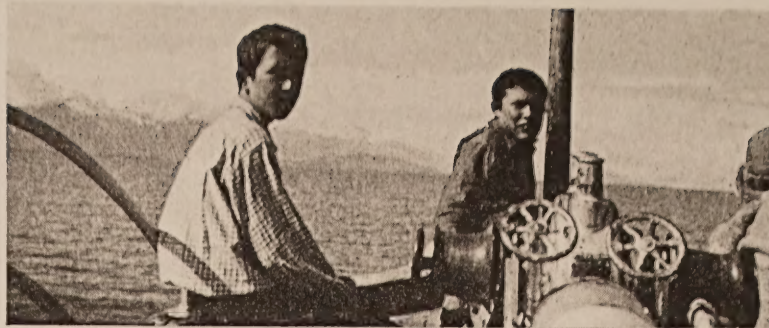
In one kind of shore call, Skipper Nelson (left) confers with elders James Edenso and David Jason (right) of Hydaburg Presbyterian Church, on transport needs.



In another kind of call, an invalid at isolated spot, Audrey Shaquanie, receives visit from Captain Nelson and Richard Stussi, seminary student and summer pastor.

The Princeton-Hall has taken many a boy to Haines House

Photo: Isabel Miller



Christian Social Service Work in Alaska

ISABEL MILLER

LAST July the Board of National Missions added a graduate caseworker to its team of Christian workers in the Presbytery of Alaska, which includes all of South-eastern Alaska—from Yakutat to Metlakatla, an area about 400 miles long and 100 miles wide. The new social work position has a potential service relationship to all the other National Missions workers in the area, and through them, to members of their constituency.

The plan to provide a social worker for Alaska was preceded by more than five years of consideration and study on the part of the Board of National Missions, its representatives in Alaska, and myself. In the meantime I had two years of graduate study at the School of Social Service Administration of the University of Chicago, which gave substantial scholarship aid. The school in Chicago and the Alaska Department of Public Welfare, that helped with plans for study and gave an opportunity for valuable and varied experience, were interested in seeing a social worker in Alaska, whether under public or private auspices.

This new job—the first of its kind in Alaska—is still in the exploratory stage, but the activities carried on in the first six months and the response to them have made us all feel that this is a project well worth continuing. A combination of consultant service and direct casework might best describe the job so far, though I have begun to lay the groundwork for what we hope will develop into a workable example of community organization.

I have made brief visits to most of the communities where there are Presbyterian churches. The ministers and others call on me in connection with public health and

welfare questions and with the services offered by Haines House and Sheldon Jackson. This is true, too, of the public agencies, both Federal and Territorial, when they feel they can use my help in interpreting their services to individuals and groups in outlying villages. For example, the social security office asked that I emphasize the importance of employers sending in social security numbers of workers with every payroll report. They are having difficulty recording credits for workers on fishing boats when names are listed without addresses or social security numbers.

Several individuals have been referred to me for more direct help, usually when the problem concerns children. But there are some adult questions, too, such as the case of two older citizens who are trying to decide to apply for entrance to the Pioneer Home, which Alaska provides for the aged who need nursing care and shelter.

I have begun to get better acquainted with the program and staff at Sheldon Jackson and with students and alumni. In a few instances I have been able to give some help. I have been interested to see that Sheldon Jackson former students prove to be an excellent resource for foster homes and other help. One of the fathers of a family that was willing to take in an extra child had lived at Haines House and was graduated from Sheldon Jackson.

Haines House and the families it serves have been the chief focus of interest and effort so far, enhanced by the wholehearted co-operation of Allen Frank, director of Haines House, and his staff. They have been able to move ahead on what they believe is a better program for the children in the Home, as well as to reach out to other

children whose health and behavior problems are more serious than those the Home has previously been able to care for. The help and understanding given the Haines House children by public school teachers, boy and girl scout leaders, the local church, the public health nurse, the visiting doctors, child welfare workers, and others are also of vital importance to the success of the Home. Since I spend only about two or three months a year at the institution, probably the greatest contribution I can make to its program is in building up better relationships with the families and communities from which the children come. Even one or two visits a year to each community, with correspondence in between, from someone who knows their children and the Home, helps the parents to take active part in planning for their children's future schooling, medical care, and summer vacations. In some cases parents use my visit to help them think through adjustments in their own living that will enable them to bring their family together again. The staff at the Home carry on a similar service to parents and children, equally or more welcome and necessary. But their daily duties with the children make visiting opportunities rare and extra letter writing difficult. I feel that my most important visits are those to families who are applying to send children to Haines House. They give me a chance to think through with the parents what such a separation will mean to them and the children, also to explore other plans that might enable the family to stay together. A widowed mother asked to have her three-year-old son go to Haines House because she was having difficulty finding a suitable boarding place for him while she worked. As we talked over her problems. I pointed out her son's special need for having his own mother near him at his age. She suggested a possible boarding home near her work, and asked my help in making arrangements with the family. When I called to report on my visit to the boarding home, I was pleased to learn that the mother had already been able to

make more satisfactory arrangements with a relative.

When Haines House does seem to offer what a child needs for the present, it is particularly helpful to have someone visit the home to give the child and his family some idea ahead of time what living in an institution is like. I am also able to give the staff a more realistic and, at times, a more sympathetic picture of the home situation than they can get from the children or letters. Homesickness may not be quite so hard when a child knows someone has some understanding of his past and present. The location of my headquarters in Juneau is an advantage, since that is the transfer center for nearly all plane travel in Southeastern Alaska, and except when I am away on field trips, I am able to meet planes and arrange for overnight emergencies. Even a partly familiar face is a welcome sight to a child traveling so far alone. Since Juneau is the capital, most of the Territorial and Federal central offices as well as some of the district ones are located here. Living here also gives easy access to the public agency workers who are ready to help with the needs of all the children at Haines House, and who are directly responsible for nearly half those there now.

The job is not all smooth-going and success. The necessarily superficial nature of some of my contacts brings the feeling of "too little and too late," and there is, of course, the bafflement of problems beyond my skill and knowledge. However, discouragement is balanced by expressions of appreciation, such as the following that came in a letter from a father to whom I had reported a chance conversation with his son that had revealed how well the father had helped the boy to accept the fact that he is adopted: "I want you to know that I really appreciate the interest you've shown. It was an uplift to me to know people are concerned in my affairs and in Johnnie's."

{Miss Miller, former executive at Haines House, is now counselor and adviser in Christian Social Work Service in Alaska.}

